

# THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[Proprietor.]

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## TERMS.

Two Dollars for one year, in advance.  
Single copies, Ten Cents each.  
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.  
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## A Leaky Poet.

A disconsolate poet has undertaken to immortalize a recent boat disaster. The following melancholy stanza, tells his version of the whole story:

She heaved and sob, and sob and heaved,  
And high her rudder flung—  
And every time she heaved and sob,  
A worse leak she sprung.

Bill Poole, a Mobile poet, when he saw the above, scratched his chin for a few seconds and then scratched his paper with the following effusion:

The water rushed in through the leak,  
As hard as it could tare—  
And the capting walked the biler deck,  
A tarin of his hare.

The capting walked the biler deck,  
The boat shak and shivered;  
Then down she went, and if she stopped,  
The stop aint been disklivered.

The capting to the top he riz,  
And as he riz he said:  
"The boat can go to thunder now,  
But save my chambermaid!"

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.—Many persons feed hens too much for laying. To keep twenty hens through the winter, give three pints of corn or two of oats or buckwheat per day; also about twice a week, give them shorts or bran wet with warm, sour milk, of which they seem very fond; make it quite wet, and put in a large spoonful of ground pepper. Give them all the green stuff that can be had, such as cabbage leaves, parings of apples, cores and all, &c. So fed, with comfortable quarters, they will lay all winter. Keep only early spring pullets. Change roosters every spring. In proof of the above, we will merely observe that a neighbor had, among a lot of hens, one that would not lay under any circumstances, and as such hens are not profitable to keep, she was considered a fit subject for the pot. On dressing, she was found to be literally filled with fat, instead of egg ovaries.

The Chicago Times thinks the suspension of Stanton will add one more to the list of Presidential aspirants. It says "The President's official boot has inflicted a wound upon Stanton which will appeal powerfully to Radical sympathy. Barring the difference in locality, it is a good deal such a wound as made Sumner famous. The sore head of the latter was the making of him politically; the sore breech of the former may have the same effect in the case of the Presidency."

There is strong talk among prominent Radicals, of establishing a Radical newspaper in Nashville in opposition to the Press and Times, many of the party having become disgusted with the political conduct of that unscrupulous organ.

A lady asks us to publish the following receipt for driving worms away from cabbage: Take a handful or two of dry dirt and sprinkle it over the plant, then pull off the bottom leaves and cover the cabbage with them.

## Race Hatred.

### How the Louisiana Radicals are Exciting the Negroes to Violence and Bloodshed.

The negro and white Radicals are becoming very incendiary in their addresses to the colored people in the parishes of Attakapas and Opelousas. We find, in one of our exchanges, the following summary of a negro's speech at a meeting in the town of Pattersonville:

He was very belligerent, and expressed himself with much confidence. He advised his colored friends not to work for the Rebels next year, but to let the lands grow up in bushes, and then the black men will break up the planters and get their lands, mules, etc.—He went strongly in favor of confiscation. He said he never saw a white man riding in a four-wheeled buggy that he didn't want two of the wheels; that he never saw a man with two mules that he didn't want one of them, or with two coats that he didn't want one. He wanted to see the white women come to the wash-tub, and the white men to the milk-pail, plow and hoe. He wanted to build up the black man and pull down the white man.

The Planter's Banner says that a Radical in St. Landry named Moss, who entered the Confederate service before the conscript act, and served in Virginia, and who now leads a Radical negro club, a few days ago assailed a Methodist preacher named Davis, whilst the latter was assisting a negro preacher, knocked him down and beat him. The club of which Moss is the leader, then took possession of the church and had a very noisy session.

On the first of August there was a negro barbecue at Washington, in St. Landry. The speakers were all white men and mulattoes. They appeared to be extremely anxious to excite the hatred and jealousy of the black men towards the white men of the country who are not Radicals. The negroes were advised to snub the white people socially, to treat them rudely, and to claim social equality with them at once. Vidal, a European Frenchman, who has been in the country but a few years, and who edits the St. Landry Progress, a new Radical paper, used language in substance as follows, to the negro: He denounced the former officers and slaveholders of the parish as vipers, and enemies to the black race. He said, "he who is worthy of freedom must strike the blow—now is the time; the battle belongs to numbers." Keary, colored, was resolutely in favor of confiscation and division of lands among the people. He said if it didn't come this year it would next—it was sure to come. He said the black men must be linked together as one man to put down the white man—wished every d—d Rebel in hell—that, if necessary, and the issue comes, he would lead them to battle. These Radical speakers and mischief-makers so excite the unsuspecting and credulous negroes, that bloodshed and massacres would be inevitable if they were not held in check by the white United States troops now stationed at Opelousas. The strange spectacle is presented of white United States troops protecting Southern white families and communities against Radicals and revolutionists, white and black. Gentlemen of the highest standing, state that they would feel unsafe in St. Landry, mixed up with these Radical brothers of sedition, were the U. S. troops to be withdrawn.

"De resolution am passed crim con," was the decision of a negro chairman at Richmond.

## "I've got 'em, too."

Two whiskey-drinking friends, who had been on a prolonged spree, wandered into a livery stable the other night, and were allowed by the man in charge, who knew them, to lie down on a bed in the office to sleep off the fumes of accumulated alcohol. Now it happened that there was a young puppy under the bed, in a basket covered up with a blanket. Suddenly one of the men woke up and heard a succession of smothered barks, coming from some direction, he knew not where. Waking up his companion, he said: "Jim, do you hear that dog barking?"

Jim didn't, of course, because the dog had stopped. He listened, and hearing nothing, told his friend it was but fancy—there was no dog. "Wasn't there, though?" urged Bill, growing suddenly excited, and the sweat starting out on him.

"No, you fool," said the other. "Then, Jim, I have got the tremens!" he shrieked, and attempted to leap out of bed. But Jim clung to him, and finally by soothing conversation, prevailed upon him to lie still, and after a little while the frightened bummer went to sleep. Jim didn't, however. He was wakeful from nervous reaction, and the gnawing of a remorseful conscience, which a man feels when he is coming out of a debauch.

Suddenly the puppy under the bed began to bark again. It was a low, muffled sound, that seemed to come from the air, and then there was something so mysterious and weird in it, that Jim, who sat upright in bed, shivered in every fibre. He listened with straining ears and protruding eyeballs, and when he caught the sound once more, "That stretched his father on a bloody bier," he clutched his sleeping companion with frantic energy, and shook him until his teeth rattled, and shrieked:

"I've got 'em too, Bill; I've got 'em!"

"Got what, Jim?" "Tremens!" The ostlers were alarmed and came rushing in, when an explanation ensued, and the puppy that had caused so great agitation was found. Jim and Bill got sober at length, and they haven't been on a spree since.

## Hogs in Orchards.

A correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Farmer says: "Several years ago we had a fine young orchard which had not borne at all for six or seven years. We supposed frost was the cause of their not bearing. At last it was convenient to fatten our hogs in the peach orchard, about six years ago, since which time the orchard has borne abundantly every year, except last year, when the frost killed the fruit. The cause of the barrenness was the flat white worms eating into the roots of the trees. These hogs rooted out and destroyed."

A man is judged by the company he keeps.—Cleveland Herald. A member of Congress from Ohio, Mr. Ashley, and General Butler, kept company with Conover, the perjurer. We are not satisfied whose character suffered the most in this company.

The soundest argument produces no more conviction in an empty head than the most superficial declamation; as a feather and a guinea fall with equal velocity in a vacuum.

The Mongrel party taxes sixteen thousand articles. It taxes everything but the breath of a man's body, and it comes so near taxing that, that it taxes the breath out of his body.

Gen. Sickles has been promoted for gallant services—since the war.

## Temple of the Muses.

### A Freedman's Complaint.

I am dying, Andy, dying:  
Corn and bacon will not last!  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Issue rations to support me,  
Not working orders!—bow thine ear,  
Listen to the Freedman's screams,  
Not for thee alone to hear.

Though overagers and the driver  
Raise on high the lash no more,  
Though Abe Lincoln's proclamation  
Lands me safe on freedom's shore,  
Though no iron now surround me,  
To make me do that white man's will,  
Yet I'm sick, and faint, and hungry—  
And there's nothing left to steal!

Let not Southern servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low:  
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him,  
'Twas the Bureau dealt the blow!  
Hear, then, pillowed on this bosom,  
Ere too late, the Freedman say,  
'Give me rations, give me franchise,  
Ere the life tide ebbs away."

"Hark ye, Howard, tell the rabble,  
Who demand that I should sweat,  
That my noble spouse, poor Dinah,  
Weeping in her lone retreat,  
Has had dreams—the gods have told her,  
Altars, augurs, circling wings,  
That our blood, with Yankee's mingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!"

As for these freedmen mockers,  
Home and foreign, rank and file,  
Light their path to Stygian horrors  
With the splendor of thy smile;  
Give the freedmen crowns and arches,  
Let their brows the laurel twine;  
I can scorn all labor contracts,  
Triumphing in love like thine!

Yes, I'm dying, Andy, dying,  
Hark! the insulting provost's cry,  
They are coming—quick my fashions,  
Let me face them ere I die.  
Now no more 'mid desolation  
Shall my name contention swell;  
Phillips, Sumner—devil take ye!  
Brownlow! Beecher! Chase! farewell!

## Copper in Pickles.

A writer in The Circular, Wallingford, Conn., gives the following simple and easy method to ascertain if pickles contain any portion of copper: "The test is made by simply thrusting a bright needle into a pickle and allowing it to remain there for several hours. If there is any copper present it will be deposited on the needle, giving it the characteristic red color of the metal. From one specimen of pickles, which were warranted not to contain any copper, a heavy deposit of the metal was obtained by this test within six hours. The copper is present as an acetate, and may come from boiling the vinegar or pickles in a brass or copper boiler that has been allowed to become coated with the acetate of copper, or verdigris. Some manufacturers have been known to use this pigment in the manufacture of pickles, to produce the fine permanent green color which by some is thought to be so desirable in this article of diet. It may be taken as a rule, that pickles with a permanent green color contain copper. The test is the needle, and any one can try it."

WHISKERS.—The English Admiralty have just issued an order prohibiting officers from wearing whiskers of such inordinate size and length as to resemble "beards." The Lords do not state at what point of size and length the whisker ceases to be a whisker and becomes a beard.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No I ain't, neither," said the urchin, "I'm a gnawing this 'ere candy."

One person out of every five in the New England States dies of consumption, while in Georgia only one out of thirty-six is a victim of that disease.

A single county in Ohio yields 700,000 bushels of wheat, valued at \$1,000,000.

## Hard to Comprehend.

Judge G—, of Georgia, was very Democratic, both in politics and religion, and especially so in the latter. Several years ago he was in attendance on the Superior Court. The Presbyterians of the place, headed by their zealous and energetic minister, were at that time actively engaged in an effort to build a new house of worship. The Rev. Mr. Collins was zealously enlisted in the good cause, and never let an opportunity slip without presenting his subscription list to all whom he might meet. One day, when court adjourned, as the Judge was passing out of the court-house, the reverend gentleman touched him on the shoulder and asked him to step aside with him a moment, when the following colloquy took place:

"This is Judge G—, I believe?" said Mr. Collins.

"It is," said the Judge.

"We are engaged," said Mr. C., "in endeavoring to build us a new house of worship. Perhaps this (handing the Judge his subscription list) will inform you of my object better than I can tell you."

Here the judge looked very professional, took out his spectacles, examined the heading of the list very critically, and for a moment seemed engaged in profound thought; then turning to the expectant parson, the Judge, with a sly twinkle of the eye and the blandest smile imaginable, remarked, "that will bind them, sir—that will bind them; no doubt about it—that will bind them."

This took the reverend gentleman a little aback. But rallying again, he renewed the attack in the following style:

"But, judge, you don't understand me; I want you to help us. We are going to raise—"

"Ah!" said the judge, "you are going to have a raising, are you? Well, just let me know when it is, and I will send up three or four hands with pleasure."

Here Mr. C's countenance exhibited a good deal of disgust, and he appeared to be perfectly bewildered at what seemed the judge's stupidity. "Why," said he, "judge, it's a brick house we want."

"A brick house, is it?" said the judge; "a brick? Won't a log house do as well? Several years ago we built a log house in our community for religious purposes—some cut the logs—some hewed them—some split the boards—some raised the house—and some covered it—and the Lord has never made any complaint against it yet. If you build a log house, and the Lord complains, I'll head your subscription list for a brick one."

The parson gave in and left.

We find in an exchange an account of the remarkable instinct of a dog that informed a lady of the loss of her veil. The account reads—"She was followed by the animal some distance, the creature endeavoring to make her sensible of something by looking in her face, and then pointing with his nose behind." This "nose behind" is a new feature in dogs, and though we do not doubt the sagacity, we are not so sure of the instrument.

Tremendous high-heeled shoes are the latest style for ladies.—This is made necessary by wearing the chignon on top of the head and drawing the back hair up so tight. Some ladies could no more stand flat-footed without snapping the back hair than they could fly; and now, with high-heeled shoes, some go about on tip-toe, the strain is so severe!

The Illinois girl who lately lost her speech, save whispering, has had forty offers of marriage.

Frogs are fifteen cents per dozen in Cincinnati.

## Another One of Them.

One day last week a regular "blue nose" schoolmaster landed on a plantation about a dozen miles from this place, and informed the negroes thereupon, that he had been sent out by the government to shed light on their benighted souls. The first day he carefully avoided the white family, and on the next the owner of the place having heard of his arrival, proceeded to the negro quarters and found him. He made the same statement to him, and the gentleman asked for his documents. Some negroes being present, Yank said they were not handy, but he would bring them over in the evening. The planter told him he was in favor of education, gave him a store-house for his school room, and the upper part of it as a sleeping apartment. Schoolmaster was profuse in his thanks, and with all humility, stated that he would be sure to enlighten that neighborhood. That night, he retired to bed, but not to sleep. About 10 o'clock P. M., he approached the cabin of a freedman, and informed him that he was afraid to sleep in that store and would rather stay with him. The negro was sick, laying on a pallet before the door, but kindly arose and gave him the cool place and sought another not quite so pleasant to his feelings. When the freedman woke in the morning, the Yank was gone, and also three coats, one hat, one pair of shoes and about eight dollars in greenback.

The same night a mule was stolen in the neighborhood, and it is supposed that he was in such a hurry that he preferred riding to walking. He says his name is Wright, and hails from Henry county, Indiana.—Eufala (Ala.) News.

BAKED HAM.—Most persons boil ham. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with thin flour batter, and lay in a deep dish with sticks under to keep it out of the gravy. When fully done, take off the skin and the batter crusted upon the flesh side, and set away to cool. You will find it very delicious, but rich for dyspeptics, says one of our agricultural exchanges.

As the dog days have come, we provide our readers with the following antidote for hydrophobia:—Eat green shoots of asparagus, raw; sleep and perspiration will be induced, and the disease can be cured in any state of canine madness. A man in Athens, Greece, was cured by this remedy after the paroxysms had commenced.

Pegged boots, if occasionally dressed with petroleum between the soles and upper leather, will not rip. If the soles of boots or shoes are dressed with petroleum, they will resist wet and wear well. The pegs, it is said, are not affected by dryness after being well saturated with the liquid.

The editor of the Griffin (Ga.) Union has been shown a Bartlett pear from that neighborhood measuring eleven and half inches in circumference, either way, and weighing fifteen and a half ounces. Pretty fair, for an unreconstructed bit of fruit.

An old man, astride an old white horse, has been preaching to the deluded souls of Fond du Lac, Wis., admonishing them to prepare for the dissolution of the world, which he assured them was not far distant.

A dentist at Sparta, Wis., lately pulled eight teeth from an upholsterer's head in sixteen seconds.

We've no doubt the poor devil "held his jaw" for a while after that.

## Radical Intolerance.

We are informed that a one armed ex-Confederate soldier, who returned to Roane county after the war, and settled down near Post Sale Springs, being a man of liberal education, determined to open a school in that neighborhood. In this he was encouraged by a number of the citizens, who promised to send their children to him. The Loyal League heard of this with terror and amazement. What! permit a rebel who didn't belong to their organization, to teach the young ideas how to shoot! Forbid it, Heaven! So that great organization held a meeting, and declared it inexpedient that this ex-rebel soldier should be permitted to make an honest living; and a letter was written by, as we understood it, one Robert Kendricks, who is now about to establish a Radical paper in this city, forbidding this one armed soldier from engaging in the business of teaching school, and threatening him with unheard of penalties, if he persisted in his intentions. Of course he was compelled to desist. We learn, however, that a gentleman named Owens, who was a Radical before the election, though not a Leaguer, who owns the greater part of the church, in which the League have been holding their meetings, and who is a minister of the Gospel, informed the congregation recently, that the League could not use his Church any more for their meetings, after such conduct as that.—Chattanooga Union.

The New Bedford (Mass.) Mercury says that a lady in New York who was having an expensive set of teeth made by her dentist, suddenly died. The afflicted husband, as soon as possible, hastened to say that "those teeth" would not be needed. But the job being already completed, the only arrangement upon which the dentist could agree was for the dentist to retain his wares, receiving ten dollars in addition from the widower. By way of making the matter satisfactory all round, the latter begged the use of the teeth for the funeral, promising to return them the next day.

In 1862, a man named Mulborn of Pomfret, Conn., enlisted in the navy, and not being heard from for several years, was supposed to have died, and his wife married a Mr. Green. A short time since Mulborn returned, and his wife, preferring her first husband, deserted Green and returned to her former home. This rather "riled" Green; and on Monday evening last he attempted to take the life of Mrs. Mulborn by shooting her in the breast. She was badly but not dangerously wounded.

Gen. Sherman has returned from the plains without a "scalp."—Ee.

He returned with one more than a merciful Providence should have permitted.

A country editor, describing the bonnets now in fashion, said—"They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her eyes."

Among all his chaff, Wendell Phillips has this solitary grain of wheat: "The best education in the world is that got by struggling to get a living."

Domestic infelicity has induced a Western editor to publish marriages, births and deaths, under the respective heads of "Fools," "Unfortunates," and "In Luck."

"He leaves five wives and seventeen children to mourn his loss," are the concluding words of a Utah obituary notice.

It was, of course, an Irishman who said, "the most eloquent feature in a dog's face was its tail."